

Voice Of Disrepair

Only Living Witness

Not exactly taciturn, he shared his bottle openly
Battered, banished, ill-remembered
Terrified of something seen
We grew to reek of martyrdom
And (our) mutual misanthropy
Certain pleasures taken from him
Never meant to want to be

Emptier known as a number

Lack of luck would not explain
His traveling for safety's sanction
"Standing on his head an always
Landing on his feet"
Casting blame and laughing
In facetious conversation
Certain pleasures in return he
Never meant to want to be

Emptier known an a number

They found him cold this morning
They found him cold at dawn